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JINGLES.

BY PALMER D. HATCH.



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KINDERGARTEN JINGLES

BY

PALMER D. HATCH.

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WILLIE OSTRANDER.

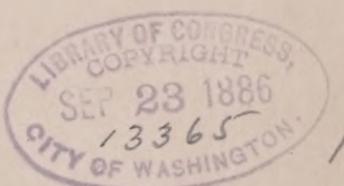
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*Historical Jingles,
In which knowledge mingles
With stories of pleasure and pain;
For the children will learn
As the pages they turn,
That goodness and wisdom are gain.*

HARD & PARSONS,

NEW YORK.

1886
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HARD & PARSONS,

To MYRTILLA N. DALY.

*In tender recognition that the thought
Was thine, which first proposed this book to me,
So thine its nobler part.*

*In memory of our happy childhood days,
In gratitude for all thy loving praise,
Dear Sister, I dedicate this work to thee.*

PALMER D. HATCH.



And then such a terrible quack they give,
The Gauls are caught as sure as you live.

THE GEESE IN THE TEMPLE AWAKE
AND SAVE THE CITADEL.

490 B. C.



THE soldiers at night were all sound asleep,
In the Citadel built on the rock so steep.

And to capture the Citadel while they all slept,
Up the rock, in the dark, the Gauls softly crept.

But just as the first one the top has passed,
The geese in the temple awake at last.

And then such a terrible quack they give,
The Gauls are caught as sure as you live.

Out rushes a soldier, Alack ! Alack !
He seizes the first one and pushes him back.

Tumbles him down on the others below,
And tumbling down the steep rock they go.

Now all are awake, the Gauls are sent back,
And the Citadel saved by that fortunate quack.

THE SEA DOTH PROVOKE KING XERXES.

481 B. C.



KING XERXES, a great bridge of boats ordered he,

When to cross the blue sea he set out,

To conquer the Greeks, but a storm on the sea,

Broke his boats, as it tossed them about.

Then angry, he did the silliest thing,

Because it had spoiled all his pains,

He sent out an order, did this Persian King,

To whip the blue sea with great chains.



Without a bit of pity,
He set fire to the city,
And played upon his fiddle while he watched the city blaze.

NERO DOTH BURN THE CITY OF ROME.

64 A. D.



THE wicked Emperor Nero, of very olden days,

Showed his wicked spirit in many different ways.

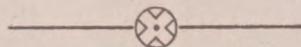
Without a bit of pity,

He set fire to the city,

And played upon his fiddle, while he watched the city blaze.

A LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR
OF ENGLAND.

500 A. D.



KING ARTHUR so loved his brave knights of old,

His table was round, the legend is told,

So that none could be put,

At the head or the foot,

But each his own place near King Arthur could hold.



Then King Pepin himself, his sword in hand,
Stepped fearlessly into the ring.

KING PEPIN DOTH FIGHT A LION
AND BULL.

752 A. D.



KING PEPIN the short, was a great King of France,
Although in his size he was small,

And at him for this, the Courtiers would laugh,
Though the King did not like it at all.

So a Lion and Bull fight he asked them to see,
And cried, "who to fight them will dare?"
When the lion had tumbled the bull on the ground,
But nobody offered to, there.

Then King Pepin himself, his sword in his hand,
Stepped fearlessly into the ring,
Killed the lion and bull, and never again
Could the Courtiers laugh at their king.

THE STORY OF HAROLD HAARFAGER.

863 A. D.



HAROLD a Jarl of Norway,
He with the beautiful hair,
Won the great Norway kingdom,
For the sake of a lady fair.

He wooed the fair lady, Guida,
But she to his wooing replied,
Until he was King of Norway,
She would not be his bride.

Then he vowed not to touch his golden locks,
Till the crown was on his brow;
And fiercely he fought for the kingdom,
But ever he kept his vow.

And after long years he won them,
The crown and the lady fair.
Harold the King of Norway,
He with the beautiful hair.



But his lords had called him "King of the Sea."
So he said, "place my chair
By the waves rolling there,
And I will bid the sea roll back from me."

THE KING DOTH BID THE SEA ROLL BACK.

1017 A. D.



CLEAR and sweet was the air,
 The sky it was fair,
 The waves came tumbling in so fresh and bright,
 When the king with his crown,
 To the blue sea came down,
 And followed by his lords, 'twas a sight.

King Canute was his name,
 Great indeed was his fame,
 But his lords had called him, "King of the Sea."
 So he said "place my chair
 By the waves rolling there,
 And I will bid the sea roll back from me."

But on the bright sea rolled,
 And then the lords he told,
 That One alone the sea would obey,
 And it was a foolish thing,
 To call himself its King,
 And he would not wear his crown from that day.

KING RICHARD IS FOUND BY HIS
FAITHFUL PAGE.

1094 A. D.



*A*s back from the war King Richard did come,
Travelling on toward his own bright home,
His enemies took him, and kept him there,
In a castle strong on the Danube fair.

His friends did not know, so the tale is told,
What had become of their king so bold,
But a faithful page, who loved the king,
From castle to castle did go and sing,

A beautiful song the king knew well,
He will answer me back, thought the page Blondel ;
And so he came to the castle at last
Where Richard was held a prisoner fast.

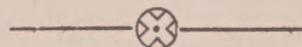
And sure enough when he heard the sweet song,
He answered it back from the castle strong,
Then happy and glad was the page so true,
For his own brave king was alive he knew ;
And at last King Richard himself was free,
And went home once more to his own countree.



While the Courtiers all laughed, at the Chancellor there,
Who had to give his cloak to the beggar man to wear.

KING HENRY II. DOTH GIVE HIS CHANCELLOR'S CLOAK TO A POOR MAN.

1158 A. D.



THE King and his Chancellor were riding out together,
And they saw a beggar shivering, for frosty was the weather;
Said the King to the Chancellor, "A good deed would it be
A nice warm cloak to give him," and the Chancellor did
agree.

"Come give to him your cloak," again the King said,
Oh! the Chancellor's cloak, was all ermine, and red,
But the King tried to pull it off, and drag it away,
And the Chancellor did his very best, to make the cloak stay.

So they pulled, and they dragged, till the Chancellor gave in,
And the beggar got the cloak, all red and ermine,
While the Courtiers all laughed, at the Chancellor there,
Who had to give his cloak to the beggar man to wear.

JOAN OF ARC DOTH LEAD THE ARMY
OF KING CHARLES.

1431 A. D.



To help King Charles a poor maid came,
Joan of Arc her simple name,
Upon a horse so dazzling white,
And clad in armor strong and bright,
She went her sunny France to save,
To fight the Englishmen so brave.

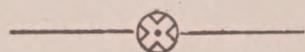
She won great battles for her King,
But listen to this dreadful thing ;
The English took her one sad day,
While all her soldiers ran away,
And then with none to help her there,
At last they burned the maiden fair.



The land of America bright and fair.

COLUMBUS DOTH SAIL OVER THE SEA
AND FIND A FAIR COUNTRY.

1492 A. D.



LONG ages ago, when nobody knew

This beautiful world was round,

Columbus sailed over the ocean blue,

And what do you think he found ?

The land of America bright and fair,

And then he sailed back again,

To tell all the wonders he had seen there,

To the people home in Spain.

KING HENRY VIII DOTH MARRY
SIX TIMES.

1509 A. D.



THERE once was a King who was very, very bad,

And how many wives do you think that he had?

Catherine, Annie, and Jane,

Annie, Katharine and Kate,

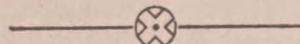
And he was the English King, Henry the Eighth.



Night came, and the palace slept,
Softly down the young king crept.

THE YOUNG KING JAMES THE V ESCAPES
FROM THE GRIM EARL.

1524 A. D.



**FGrief and trouble filled the lands,
For the only king they had,
Was a happy hearted lad.**

And his uncle, stern and grim,
Had for two long years kept him
In his palace, ruling o'er
All the land with iron law.

But at last there came a day,
When the grim earl went away,
Night came, and the palace slept,
Softly down the young king crept.

Though 'twas he, you'd never guess,
In a stable boy's poor dress ;
To the stable now he speeds,
Saddled are the royal steeds.

Faithful servants does he find,
Off they go, now far behind
Is the palace, he is free,
Soon in safety will he be.

So he left the earl so grim,
And in fighting conquered him,
And the Scottish people bold
Loved him well, so we are told.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH DOTH WIN FAVOR
FROM "GOOD QUEEN BESS."

1581 A. D.



*A*LL in a row in their finest dress,
Wait lord and lady for good Queen Bess.

Till at last she comes in bright array,
When a pool of water stops the way.

O! what shall she do, what shall she do!
For she must not wet her dainty shoe.

Then out from the throng young Raleigh springs,
And across the pool his cloak he flings.

Now over the bridge so fine and dry,
Goes good Queen Bess all smiling by.

A GREAT FLEET DOTH COME FROM SPAIN
TO FIGHT THE ENGLISH.

1588 A. D.



FROM Spain did the great Armada come,
One hundred and fifty ships so brave,
To fight the Englishmen at home,
They gaily sailed the ocean wave.

But better for these ships so brave,
Had they staid across the rolling main,
For the English fought their homes to save,
And great storms shattered this fleet from Spain.

THE WICKED PLOT TO KILL KING JAMES
AND HIS LORDS.

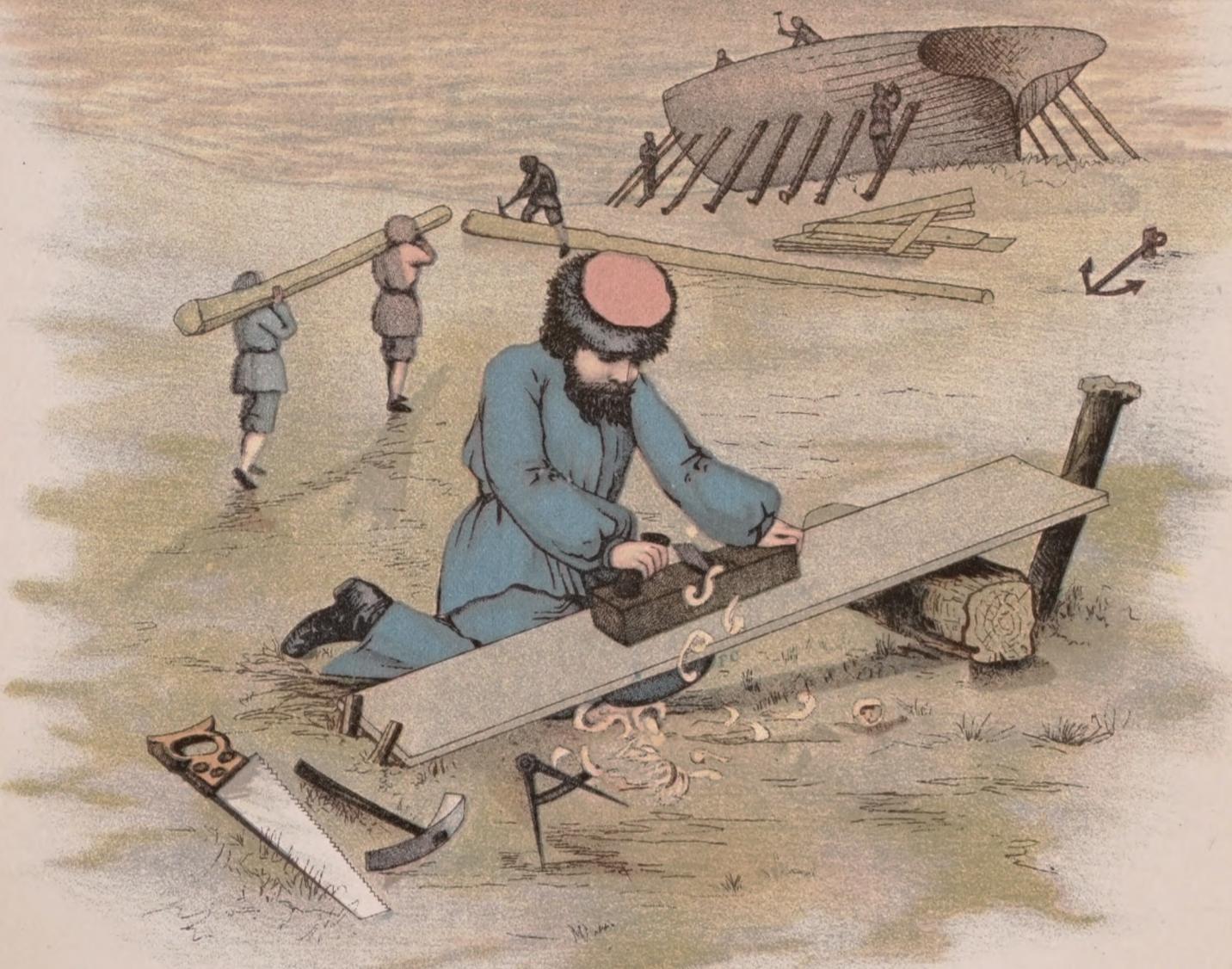
1605 A. D.



SOME wicked men did join their skill,
King James and all his lords to kill,
This was the great gunpowder plot,
To blow them all up on the spot.

Right under the noble's meeting room,
The powder was put in the cellar's gloom,
And a soldier there, Guy Fawkes by name,
Was waiting all ready to start the flame.

But the dreadful plot came out at last,
Though over a year, t'was a secret fast,
And then the wicked men, we see,
All punished as they ought to be.



So dressed in the clothes of a workman,
He went to work with a will.

PETER THE GREAT, CZAR OF RUSSIA DOTH
WORK IN A SHIP-YARD.

1697 A. D.



PETER the Great, Czar of Russia,
Who of work was never afraid,
Went over to busy Holland,
To learn how its ships were made.

For he wished to have a fine navy,
And there they built ships with great skill,
So dressed in the clothes of a workman,
He went to work with a will,

There in the Holland ship-yard.
And when the trade he had learned,
He bought him a pair of very fine shoes,
With the money while working he'd earned.

THE GIANT REGIMENT OF KING
FREDERICK WILLIAM.

1713 A. D.



FREDERICK WILLIAM the First, of the Prussian crown,
For a curious whim has won renown.

For a famous regiment had he,
In which, none but the tallest men could be.

And everywhere for tall men he sent,
To join this wonderful regiment.

And sometimes whether they would or no,
The poor tall men were obliged to go.

But this giant regiment won renown,
For this curious king of the Prussian crown.



The boys made forts of snow.

THE BRAVE BOYS OF BOSTON TOWN.

1768 A. D.



FWAS the winter before the war broke out,

In Boston long ago,

While the English soldiers were about,

The boys made forts of snow.

But the soldiers broke their snow forts down,

And, of course, it spoiled the fun

Of the happy boys of Boston Town;

And this, three times was done.

Then to stop it, the boys, not a bit afraid,

The English general sought,

And he, well pleased, the promise made,

None should tease them at their sport.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

1773 A. D.



JUST before the Revolution
Had the Colonies made free,
The English put a three pence tax
On every pound of tea
That to the Colonies should come ;
But the people there said, "no,
That they would rather do without,
So back the tea could go."
But some men dressed as Indians,
Went to where the tea-ships lay
In Boston harbor, took the tea
And threw it in the bay.



With crackers and torpedoes, and rockets in the sky,
When Summer time comes round again, on the fourth
of each July.

THE STORY OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

1776.



ALL the people of the colonies, in America now free,
Were governed by the English, from far across the sea,
But so badly were they treated, that in council they agreed
To fight for liberty, until their country should be freed.

O their hearts were strong within them, they meant to
win or die :

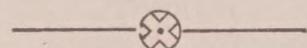
And they declared their freedom on the fourth day of July,
Seventeen hundred and seventy-six, then bravely did they
fight

The English, for their freedom, they fought with all their
might.

Till at last they won the victory, for fearless men were they;
And we celebrate the joyful time unto this very day,
With crackers and torpedoes, and rockets in the sky.
When summer time comes round again, on the fourth of
each July.

THE FAIR QUEEN, MARIE ANTOINETTE.

1789 A. D.



IT WAS a fearful time in the land of France,
The people were starving and poor,
And threatening the life of their fair young Queen,
They beat at the palace door.

For she was a happy and thoughtless Queen;
And the angry people said,
That with her pleasure, she made them poor
And took away their bread.

So they called for the king and he spoke to them,
Then loudly did they call,
For the fair young queen, ah! they hated her,
That crowd by the palace wall.

But when out on the balcony she stood,
So noble was her mien,
The angry people just stood still,
And cried "Long live the Queen."



But when questioned he frankly confessed.

THE STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

1789 A. D.



*N*a beautiful home in the South,
Lived a little boy honest and true,
Though often in mischief he'd get,
As boys most generally do.

One day in the garden fair,
With a new little hatchet went he,
And just to try if 'twas sharp,
He cut down a fine cherry tree.

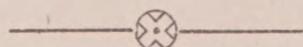
But when questioned, he frankly confessed,
And in owning the truth was so brave,
That his father thought nought of the loss,
But his little son freely forgave.

And the little boy grew to a man,
A good and great general to be,
Leading the Colony people,
Till he set his country free.

At last with victory and peace,
Their President he became,
By the will of the Nation all,
Who still bless George Washington's name.

THE STORY OF THE GIRL QUEEN VICTORIA.

1831 A. D.



Oh ! the heir to the crown of England fair,
 Was a little girl happy and gay,
 But nobody ever had told her there,
 That she might be queen some day.

Till her governess told her it all at last,
 Wisely answered the bright little maid ;
 And clasping the hand of her governess fast,
 "I will be good" she said.

And indeed she grew up a wise and good queen.
 Whom all the lords swore to obey,
 And ne'er better queen, has England e're seen.
 Than Victoria reigning to-day.







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